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At Twilight.

AS in a great composer's overture,
We find the first few measures deep and grand
Are destined by the artist's high command,
To herald those more charming and more pure;
Then these soft strains, when brought out by the sure
And loving touch of some musician's hand,
Raise up our thoughts to that eternal land
Where music's spell forever will endure.

So 'tis at eve; the busy day has seen
Her part played through and bids the night sounds
come,
Which softly lull our weary souls to rest;
Then starlit heaven with the moon serene,
Fills full our souls with hope of that blest home
Where just men slumber on their Saviour's breast.

P. J. R.

Dante and Boniface the Eighth.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.



W HENEVER a great genius towers up from among his fellow-mortals he is sure, in subsequent ages, to be a subject of controversy. It is only natural that he should be so. His vision is keener than that of any of his age; his sensibilities more delicate, and his imagination more boundless in its range of ideas. Ordinary men cannot sound the depths of his nature and of his science. In one light or in another his actions will appear ambiguous; his meaning will be construed in divers ways. There will be some doctrine in his teaching, some event in his life, about which the opinions of men conflict. So it is with many of the

giant intellects of old Greece and Rome; and tracing down the line of centuries we find it much the same with Dante.

History has accomplished wonders for civilization. It has thrown its strong, pure rays into the most remote nooks of empires and kingdoms, so that each succeeding age knows and understands its predecessors better even than itself. But history can never dispel that halo of romance which settles about a man who was more than common. Legend and tradition will bruit about many a false rumor that will afterwards grow into a belief. And although history may adduce arguments, logical and without end, the vulgar mind will remain unconvinced. It prefers rather the opinions which agree with its own fancies and creed.

The enthusiasts of the Reformation have sought to distort every scrap of biography and history which relates in any way to the Middle Ages. They have traduced characters which the whole world had before acknowledged as noble, virtuous and worthy of the highest emulation. Much of this has been done in good faith. Protestants fail to appreciate the Catholic point of view. Instead of making a circumspect investigation of every controversial question in history, they accept too readily the opinions of interested persons. Hence they fail to perceive how Dante could be a good Catholic and yet oppose the Pope in politics. It involves the same old question concerning the spiritual and the temporal power of Christ's successors—the question which has never been clear to the Protestant mind.

Before entering into details regarding the differences that existed between Boniface the Eighth and Dante, it may be well to present a few facts which illustrate Dante's political beliefs and which have a direct bearing on the

controversy itself. This will obviate the necessity of a wearisome explanation of the reasons why Boniface did not excommunicate the poet, and why the latter remained a good Catholic all the days of his life.

Dante was born at Florence in the year 1265, at a time when Italy was the centre of civilization. She had risen to the height of perfection in all the arts known to mediæval times. The rest of Christendom came to her for instruction. And it was rightly so, for after the fall of Rome the little civilization that was left, clung to the city of Rome, where the Popes kept it alive and succeeded in giving it an impetus to higher learning. Italy was composed of independent states. Long before Dante's time a civil feud had sprung up, which ravaged the whole strife from the Apennines to the sea. The quarrel was a trivial affair at first, but it was augmented as time went on.

Dante's ancestors had been participants in the struggle, and as he showed an aptitude for politics it was but natural that he, too, should become involved in the dispute. The parties were designated under the titles of Guelfs and Ghibellines. The poet had espoused the cause of the latter faction. His side was finally victorious. The Guelfs were completely overthrown in a fierce battle, and their power was shattered. But the Ghibellines were so elated over their success, and so confident of their own prowess, that they no longer feared the Guelfs as enemies.

As a result petty dissensions arose in their ranks. They no longer had the common enemy which formerly had forced them into unity. At last one feud, which originated between brothers of the same family, so increased in magnitude and intensity of hatred that it rent asunder the whole Ghibelline party. This time it was brother against brother, father against son. The horrible crimes that were perpetrated by the two old factions sank into insignificance beside the wantonness displayed by the new parties. Family ties were utterly disregarded; everything was thrown to the winds, and men thought only of slaughter.

The new factions were designated as "Blacks" and "Whites." Boniface the Eighth viewed this second civil war with dismay. All Italy was being devastated over again, and yet he was powerless to effect anything like a compromise. Time and again he entreated the contestants to lay aside their arms and submit their respective grievances to the decision of a legal tribunal. He offered himself as an impartial mediator.

But all his efforts proved futile. His solicitations for peace were not even listened to. It was no affair of his, so why should he interfere? Such answers, and others no less insulting, were flung back at him.

The Pontiff was not potent enough to intervene forcibly. So, as a last resort, he turned to France, which had never before refused him succor. He besought Charles of Valois, brother to the king of France, to march into Florence and put down the civil strife. Charles complied with alacrity. At the head of five hundred cavalry he entered the city and in the name of the Pope commanded peace. His interference was effectual. The bloody feud ceased at once. To make certain of no further outbreaks Charles banished the leaders on both sides.

Now Dante was an impartial spectator of the war. He had not taken up arms for either party. He was one of the rulers of Florence at the time, but his enemies were numberless in that city. He was delegated to Rome with other noted men. They wished Boniface to rescind the orders he had given to Charles. This, of course, it was impossible for the Pope to do. Once Florence was left without the strong hand of Charles, another uprising might result at any moment.

During Dante's absence his enemies were not idle. They came into power again shortly after he left for Rome. The first of their acts was to publish an edict of banishment against him. He was branded as a traitor, and all his earthly possessions were confiscated by a municipal decree. They forbade his return to Florence under pain of instant death.

When Dante learned the triumph of his foes he directed his steps elsewhere. Thereafter he was compelled to depend upon the liberality of his friends. Then began those lonely wanderings which he has so often and so pathetically alluded to in his writings. At once he began to fight his opponents with his pen. Thus in his "Inferno" he places all his persecutors in hell. The chief instrument of his banishment was, he thought, the order of Boniface the Eighth to Charles of Valois. So he revenged himself by putting the Pontiff among the damned, as a punishment for his political acts.

At the same time, however, Dante acknowledged the divine power of Boniface and bowed before it. He reviled Boniface as a temporal ruler, not as head of the Church. A vast difference exists between temporal and divine power. Everyone will admit this. But where they are both vested in one person, as in the Pope, it is

difficult for some persons to comprehend how a man can reject the first and at the same time accept the second. So it is with many Protestants of to-day.

This is the reason why so few Protestants understand Dante's masterpiece, the "Divina Commedia." They fail to make this essential distinction, and, as a consequence, they are perplexed. Dante appears inconsistent to them. The enlightened research of the scholars and students of the present century, however, is destroying many of the fancied barriers which have existed between our modern writers and those of the Middle Ages.

On Church Windows.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

Few people know the meaning, and a still smaller number the history, of the magnificent windows set like gems in the walls of our large cathedrals. It is enough for most of us if the rays of sunlight filtering through the glass blend in pleasing combination. Seldom do we ask: Why all this beauty? Why these colors? What mean these symbols?

The evolution of the church window is an interesting study, although its origin is lost. The first authentic account we have of the use of colored glass in public buildings of worship is that of the adorning of the Lateran by Pope Leo III. The Egyptians, however, made glass of all kinds three thousand years ago. Among the treasures of Cesnola are found white, opaque, transparent, and colored specimens. Its use in those times, outside of vessels or ornaments, is not known. The history of the article itself is dim and unsatisfactory. Josephus and Pliny both speak of its origin, but their accounts are severely questioned. The early Romans had in place of glass windows a substance which they called *lapis specularis*. It was half transparent, and a mineral of that class of mica which peels off in plates or layers. This same people were masters of the mosaic art, a fact which leads us to believe that a connection of some kind existed between the production of colored glass windows and this work. The early Christians, too, might have had an important influence in its discovery and use. They were artists in the true sense, loving the true, the beautiful and the good, and always giving expression to their thoughts in striking

ways. Their church was one into which God's sunlight never penetrated; and still on the walls of their chapels in the catacombs were found representations of their dogmas and their hopes. Cantù says that here was the true birthplace of *art regenerated*.

The chill of persecution had indeed nipped the bud about to blossom, but the root of Christianity was deeply planted in the soil of pagan Rome. Even beneath the ground, beyond the storm of human passion, the Church grew and developed, harboring her strength until the clear, warm sky of liberty bade her seek sunlight. Beside the temple of Rome's deities up sprang the Christian fane; then in the clear light of day and under the impulse of a new joy and freedom, true art was born. The souls of the early Christians, filled with sentiments of truth, beauty and goodness, sought all manner of means to give expression to them. Was it not natural that they should have seen the utility of the window and used it to embody their dogmas, commemorate their past history, and express their future hopes? Who will deny that they who, in the chill dark passages of their underground homes, kept burning the fire of true conception and nursed the seeds of perfect art, would, under the warm light of God's own sky, renew the flame, and bring to maturity the seedling which had first reared its head beneath their honest care? That the Christians saw the advantage and application of art to religion is evident from their work. Little need be said of their productions, for they are the models of our own boasted century. Their compositions were founded on faith, and appealed not to the senses, but to the heart. All great works rest on faith. If the architecture, decoration, and rubrics of the Catholic Church are sublime and beautiful, it is due to this fact. Everything has its meaning. Clustered with sacred memories are the colors and symbols in the windows, the vestments of the priest at the altar, the lines of her architecture,—all guided by the spirit of faith.

The mural decorations preceded the representations in colored glass. But the delicate half-tones possible in oil are found wanting in the work of the window artist. He needs the richness of full tints to procure the desired effect, since light and distance are the most important factors of his art. Hence it is that we behold the splendid grouping of bright colors in the representations of saints and scenes of the Gospel. But the artist is not left to his own choice of color. There are certain rules to be followed, any

infringement of which would destroy the symbolism work and render it meaningless.

"The first aim of Christian art is to teach." To this end there is a language of symbols used in decoration, a knowledge of which is necessary in order to understand the lessons to be conveyed. An enumeration of these symbols would be tedious, and belongs to another essay-title. But an explanation of the chief colors will be of interest. White is the color of the risen Saviour, and it has a meaning of innocence, joy and faith; red is the color of divine love, royalty, creative power, and the Holy Spirit; blue (sapphire) signifies truth, constancy, fidelity; emerald-green is the emblem of hope and victory; gold, the goodness of God and fruitfulness; violet or amethyst shows passion, suffering, love and truth; gray is the garb of penance, mourning, and humility; black and white stand for purity of life; black alone—death.

The list of symbols and colors is long, and the study of them most interesting. But these few words will serve to show that everything found within the Catholic Church, from the vestments of the priest at Mass to the lines of architecture, or the glories of her art, have a meaning deep and strong, and rich in tender, sacred memories to those who know her language, hold her faith and share her hopes.

The Tree of Healing.

JOHN CORBY, '98.

It was noon in Cairo. For hours the heat had been steadily increasing, and it was now intense. The narrow streets were deserted, and the merchants, despairing of customers, had closed their shops, and gone to their homes. In the khans, even the camels were suffering from the heat. Their drivers were lying about on the seats, and, though sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun, were fanning themselves with palm leaves.

Among them was a handsome young fellow in the first vigor of manhood. He was over six feet in height, with the black hair and dark skin of the Egyptians. There was an air of refinement about him which made him look strangely out of place among his rough companions. His father, Diomedes, had once owned large herds of camels; but they fell sick in great numbers and soon they had all perished. The old man died of grief, and young Diomedes became a

camel driver. Turning on his stone couch in a vain effort to get more air, he saw an old man come staggering down the street. He ran to his assistance, and, helping him to a shady place, bathed his face and head.

The old man soon regained consciousness and thanked Diomedes with many expressions of gratitude. He said: "My son, had you not come to my assistance the heat would have killed me. I am only a poor priest of the temple of Isis. I wish I were rich that I might sufficiently reward you. Take this parchment, it is all I can give, but I will beseech the gods to make you prosper." Diomedes took the scroll, and thanked the priest, who continued his way down the street.

The afternoon wore slowly away. Towards evening the people began to leave their houses, and the streets were soon crowded. Around the public wells there was a large number of people. Some were standing in groups; others were drinking the cool water, and young girls carrying large earthen jars were chatting pleasantly together.

Diomedes entered one of these courts and took a seat near one of the wells. A moment later a messenger of the king pushed his way through the crowd, and leaping upon the well-curb, cried: "Hear ye, people of Egypt, your sovereign has been taken sick, and will give great wealth to whatever man will cure him." Immediately everyone forgot what they were speaking of before, and began talking about the king's illness. Diomedes arose from his seat, and walked away saying to himself: "I wish I might cure the king, and then I could get away from this miserable camel-driving."

The next morning he started on a journey into the desert with a large caravan. They travelled all day over the blistering sand, and in the evening pitched their tents in the silent desert. They continued in this way for ten days, until on the morning of the eleventh day a strong wind sprang up, which blew harder and harder until at midday it was a simoom. The wind raised so much sand that Diomedes could not see his comrades. Finding it impossible to make any headway, he ordered his camel to lie down, and then creeping near the beast, he covered himself with a carpet. Peeping from his shelter he saw the wind suck up the sand into the air in the shape of large columns, and then scatter it in all directions.

The storm lasted for several hours, and when the wind had abated Diomedes crawled from under the carpet, and found his camel was

nearly buried in the sand. He looked around, but saw no other living creature, and then realized that he was lost. Gazing wildly in every direction, for some sign of the caravan, he saw the storm miles away carrying death and destruction to all travellers on this waterless sea. Beyond this there was nothing but a vast monotonous plain. Diomedes mounted his camel, and followed in the path of the storm until it was too dark to go any farther.

The next morning he again took up his fruitless search. In the excitement of the day before he had forgotten to eat, and now being hungry he looked in his provision bags, but found to his dismay that he had no food and but little water. The thought of dying of hunger and thirst made him urge his camel forward in the hope of at least finding water. Many times he saw what seemed to be a lake, but after travelling towards it for several hours, he found it was that vile mocker of thirsty travellers—a mirage.

Soon his camel began to slacken its pace, and with a groan it fell on the sand. Diomedes cried to the gods for help, and while praying thus a bird flew over him, and dropped a large seed at his feet. Thinking the gods had heard his prayer and sent him food, he picked it up. But seeing it was only a seed he threw it from him, and sank down with a cry of despair.

How long he remained unconscious Diomedes never knew. But on opening his eyes he saw on the spot where he had cast the seed, a beautiful tree covered with a dense, luxuriant foliage. He sprang to his feet, and rushing towards it saw that the branches were heavy with fruit. In a moment Diomedes was scrambling up the tree. Snatching some of the fruit, he began to eat it ravenously. Instantly he felt a change creeping over him. Instead of being hot, tired and famished he now became cool and strong, and his hunger was entirely appeased.

Looking down from the tree he noticed his camel, which he thought dead, giving short, faint gasps. Quickly seizing some of the fruit he leaped to the ground, and squeezed some of the juice into the poor beast's mouth. The camel, like himself, immediately revived. Diomedes sat in the shade of the tree, and for the first time thought of the parchment given him by the priest of Isis. Taking it out of his shirt, he saw on it a drawing of a tree. Observing it closely he discovered that it was an image of the one before him, and then he noticed some faint writing beneath the drawing. After long and patient study he made out these words in

the seemingly crazy hieroglyphics: "He who eats of the fruit of this tree shall be cured of all disease." He thought of the reward offered by the king, and loading his camel with the fruit he started towards Cairo.

Arriving at the city, Diomedes went immediately to the royal palace. Stating his business, he was admitted to the king's chamber. There he saw, reclining on an ivory couch, the monarch of Egypt in the last stages of a blighting fever. Squeezing the juice of the fruit into a dish, he gave it to the king to drink, and the fever instantly left him. The king sprang from his couch, embraced him, and begged to know where he found the wonderful fruit. Diomedes told the story of his journey, and the miraculous appearance of the tree. The king promised him double the reward if he showed him where it was.

At the news of the king's recovery, there was joy and feasting in the city for several days. And numerous sacrifices were offered in the temple of Isis. When a week had passed in this manner, the king fitted out a large caravan for Diomedes, to go in search of the Tree of Healing; but the quest was in vain. After travelling for a fortnight, Diomedes came to the place where the tree had been, but it was gone. And no one, the Arab legend avers, has ever seen it since.

In the Margin.

Idleness is a dangerous luxury to some natures, to others an imperative necessity. The plough-horse revels in his Sabbath rest, but a second day of liberty would bore or madden him; the thoroughbred must have weeks and months of freedom and green fields, if his great heart and splendid, clean limbs are to win glory for the colors he carries in the race.

He affected aquarelles—it was his hobby, he said—and the walls of his "den" glowed with splendid patches of color—a score of "sunsets" by artists who could paint. Men called him a *connoisseur*. His friends were wont to consider his judgments as infallible and of commercial value. He had cards for every "private view" worthy of noting. But the char-woman, who swept his floors and "dusted" his pictures with reverent care, was alone in the knowledge of the glorious purples and crimsons and grays that transfigured, at twilight, the broad sweep of sky framed in by the window which looked out to the west.

Varsity Verse.

THE LAST LEAF.

From Gautier.

THE wood is now all bare and brown;
 A leaf forgotten clings alone,
 And there remains spite autumn's frown;
 All else but leaf and bird are gone.

One love there is in my soul which stays,
 And sings to me as a happy bird;
 But autumn's wind, as it sighs and plays,
 Lets love's dear note no more be heard.

The bird has flown, the leaf is dead,
 And love is quenched by winter's cold:—
 Oh, bird! come thou to my earthly bed,
 And pipe o'er me dead, when the buds unfold.

W. C. H.

BEFORE HER SHRINE.

In April time I often gaze,
 When life is sad on sultry days,
 At that fair portrait on the wall
 To soothe my heart and offer all
 That I can chant in ancient lays.

Yet now I try to sing thy praise,
 When zephyr winds cross sparkling bays
 And nature smiles in sunshine's thrall
 In April time.

But oft to thee my eyes I raise
 To view thy face, though now it says,
 Thy love's not true, yet might I call
 It so, when fresh'ning rains do fall
 And flowers grow near the springing maize
 In April time.

M. J. C.

A MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

With deep affliction
 Beyond depiction,
 I often swear at
 Those fighting cats;
 Whose darned old howling
 And crazy yowling
 Make night re-echo
 With their love spats.

In days of childhood
 Their snarls so wild would
 Cast round my ears
 An awful din.

With satanic squalling,
 And hellish bawling,
 Those cats would often
 Cause me to sin.

In deadly anguish
 They made me languish
 Till I bethought me
 What I must do.
 With proud mien swelling,
 Their hopes dispelling
 I have decided
 I'd use my shoe.

J. A. McN.

Her Last Sunday.

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97.

"Fred, won't you go to church with me to-morrow? It is Easter Sunday, you know. And you have not been to Mass more than twice since mother died."

"Well, I only went, then, to please her."

"Oh, Fred! How can you talk like that? You were not always so bad. When dear old Father Quinn was here, and you were an altar boy, you went to church every morning."

"I was younger then; I know more now than to do such foolish things. It's all right for you girls and old women to do so, but I want none of it in mine."

This was Fred Haskell's usual way of talking whenever his sister asked him to go to church. He knew that she would not argue with him if he spoke in a rough manner; that she would burst into tears and leave him alone. It had been two years since their mother died, leaving them orphans. They lived in a little old farmhouse. Fred used to work for the neighbors and Mary kept house for him.

On this Saturday morning Fred had secured a new book, and as he was very fond of reading he had determined to stay at home the next day and read it. He was decidedly out of humor, and when he began to talk about the foolishness of going to church, Mary saw that he would bear no coaxing. The next morning she made another attempt to persuade him. At the breakfast table she said:

"You did not mean what you said yesterday, did you? You are going to church with me to-day, aint you? I am tired of walking alone."

"It's your own fault; why don't you go with the Graham girls? They go every Sunday."

"Yes, but they go much earlier than I do."

"Oh! what's the difference. It is only half a mile to the church. You are not such a baby that you cannot walk that distance alone in broad daylight."

"I am not afraid to walk it; but I should like to have you come with me just for to-day. It is Easter, and you should go."

"Well I can't go, that's all; I want to read this book. There will be plenty of other fine Sundays soon and I will accompany you then. Do you think that this is the last chance I will have to go with you?"

It was no use to try; Mary saw that he would

not go. As she left the house, the tears began to roll down her cheeks. "He is my only brother," she said to herself, "the only relative I have. He should be better than he is. He does not seem to care for me at all. Perhaps he will leave home some day and I will be alone then. I wonder what I could do to make him change?"

She had now reached the church. During the services, however, her mind was far away. A sermon was preached, but she heard not a word of it, sitting almost motionless, with her head bowed down. As soon as Mass was over, she went to the little churchyard and knelt beside the grave of her mother. Down beneath that mound of clay was all her joy, her hope, her heart. There lay the best, the truest, the only friend she had. Beside it was the grave of her father, who had died long before she knew what a father was. She threw herself down by the two graves and wept bitterly, calling on her parents to bring her to them. Life had nothing for her but misery and sorrow. On that bright Easter, when all the world rang with rejoicings, she was filled with grief.

There was not a person left in the church when she arose and went home. She laid the cloth for dinner and called Fred. The two ate it in silence, and as soon as he had finished his meal, he left the house for a walk. All the afternoon Mary sat in the old sitting-room, lonely and disconsolate. Towards evening, she felt a severe headache coming upon her, but thought it was only the result of the day's trouble. She went to bed very early that evening and hoped to be over it in the morning.

The next day when Fred got up he did not see her around as usual. "I suppose she is tired this morning," he muttered as he pulled on his jacket. "I'll go out and do the chores and she will be up when I come in." He returned after half an hour and found that she was not up yet. He went to her room and rapped on the door. There was no answer. He opened the door and walked in. His sister was lying on the bed unconscious. He ran for a doctor at once. "Ah!" said the physician, as soon as he examined the girl, "it is a very severe case of brain fever. Your sister has but a short time to live." Fred was shocked at the news. His sister die?—the thought had never struck him before. He dropped down on the old wooden chair and gazed at her pale face. How kind and loving she had been to him, and how all her kindness was unrequited. Even yesterday he had refused her last request. He fancied that he saw upon her countenance the

same sad look she had when starting for Mass the morning before. In the delirium which her sickness brought on she was continually calling him.

"I will send a nurse to stay with you," said the doctor, as he finished putting up a prescription and was ready to leave the house. Fred made no reply; he sat sadly watching his sister toss about on the bed.

When at last the nurse came, he left the room for a few minutes, but was soon back again. "Could he do anything to help her?" he would ask the nurse. "Was there anything she needed?" When she assured him that she had everything that was necessary, he would sit down in silence and watch the pale face of his sister. Could the doctor have been mistaken? he once thought. No, that was impossible. He had been taught that doctors knew all, that their word was infallible.

Late that evening he went to his room feeling as he had never felt before. There on the window-sill stood a vase with a graceful Easter lily which Mary had placed there. Everything in the room had been arranged by her for his comfort. "What did I ever do for her?" he asked himself, and he felt his conscience answer—nothing. He could not sleep; he went back to his sister's bedside. Her every sob, every moan, was an accusation, an indictment of his conduct.

He sat by her until morning, and when daylight came he went for the physician again. It was of no use; nothing could be done to abate the terrible disease. All that day Fred was in and out of the bedroom doing whatever he could to help the nurse or what might be of any benefit to his sister. When evening fell the tossing and struggles of the sick girl gradually ceased. It was evident that she was failing rapidly. She was soon lying motionless. Fred knew that she was dying. He picked up the delicate hand that lay over the bed-clothes, pressed it to his lips and sobbed piteously. The little form on the bed moved slightly. Mary's eyes cleared, a smile lit up her wan face as she recognized her brother. She breathed his name softly; a long, deep sigh of peace fluttered her pale lips, and all was over.

To every one there comes in life a great turning-point for good or evil, and this is generally brought about by some crushing sorrow.—*Lady Herbert.*

Books and Magazines.

—There is infinite variety in the April *Harper's*. Joan of Arc goes bravely to the stake, and for once, her biographer forgets that he is Mark Twain and writes as Louis de Conte, the Maid's faithful squire might write. It is a pitiful picture, this burning of the girl who had saved France, by her hereditary foes, while the king whom she had crowned and to whom she had given a country, stood idly by, willing that the beaten English should vent their wrath on Joan, if they left him in peace. There has been something like a revival of interest, during the past year, in the career of the Maid of Orleans. Certainly the heroic shepherdess of Domremy has greater claims on the gratitude of France and the world than has the War-Lord who overran Europe four centuries later. Mark Twain's historical romance is graphic, but it is more American than French in flavor, more twentieth century than mediæval.

Theodore Roosevelt, who is a noted hunter of big game and bad policemen, is also an earnest student of our fathers' border wars with the Indians. "Mad Anthony Wayne's Victory" is a pendant to his "St. Clair's Defeat," and it is interesting reading for Americans, young and old. Mr. Roosevelt does not stop with a mere recounting of events; he traces the influences that brought about the Indian outbreaks, and concludes with what is in reality a plea for a "vigorous foreign policy" to-day. Caspar Whitney has plunged into the Barren Grounds and his narrative is pulse-quickenng. His description of the chase of his first musk-ox is as thrilling a bit of description as we have seen since the football season ended. "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds" will not lack for readers; there is too much of manliness and spirit and love of sport in it to let it be forgotten.

Perhaps the most important paper in the magazine is George W. Smalley's "Mr. Lowell in England." No one who knows Lowell in his books ever doubted his Americanism; but there were many—and Irish-Americans were the most bitter of these—during his residence at the court of St. James, who declared that he had become enamored of English ways and English society, and was sacrificing his Americanism to position in England. How untrue such an accusation was Mr. Smalley shows, and many other things, delightful and instructive, he writes about the English life of the most lovable of our men of letters.

In "Briseis" and "The German Struggle for Liberty" there is no decline in interest. Of the short stories, A. Alexander's "The Voice of Authority" is novel in plan and treatment; Brander Mathews, in inimitable fashion, works out another "vignette of Manhattan" in "A Spring Flood in Broadway;" and Octave Thanet tells a tale, "The Missionary Sheriff," in her characteristic Western manner. The poetry of the number is very decent, and the pictures, notably Du Mond's "Martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans," are unusually good.

—*The Bachelor of Arts* is nothing if not athletic, "The Olympian Games," which has the place of honor in the April number, is a remarkably clear and interesting account of the rise and fall, and the renaissance of the games of the Athenian Stadion. From the simple foot-race, like unto that organized by Achilles in honor of his dead friend, a sprint of four hundred yards over sand, the Olympic games grew in magnitude and importance, until at the height of their glory five days were required for the different contests. And the modern revival of the ancient Grecian festival is a ten-days' riot of athleticism. Mr. Robinson's paper is one of the best among the hundred articles brought forth by this week's doings in Athens.

There is a growing tendency in some of our larger colleges to adopt the methods in vogue at Cambridge and Oxford. Mr. F. N. Smith tries to answer the oft-propounded question: "Shall the English system of colleges prevail?" and quotes the opinions of Prof. Shaler, John Corbin, President Dwight, Prof. Hadley, and others on the suitability of English methods to the training of American boys. Miss Anna McClure Sholl writes with cleverness and sympathy of a trilogy of younger English poets, William Watson, John Davidson and Francis Thompson. Her essay is a delightful study of the poetry of these three men, whose 'prentice work in verse is of vast promise for the future.

The "Mediæval Student Mobs," which Lyman Horace Weeks writes of, were not like the mobs of Princeton and Barcelona, but armies of earnest workers and idle vagabonds who wandered through Europe, begging their way, sometimes enforcing charity by means none too gentle. S. Scoville, Jr., makes a careful comparison between the "Track and Field Records of the English and American Universities," and finds that the advantage lies with our collegians. A. G. Bradley has much to say "About English Public Schools," and his essay will be

interesting reading to men and boys who have read "Tom Brown at Rugby."

The *Bachelor's* verse is unusually good. Wilbur Larremore's "At the Mess" has rhyme and reason in it; Clinton Scollard's "Hidden Beauty" has more of thought and meaning than his ordinary verse; but the other poems are not remarkable. Edward S. Martin's "Comments on University News" and Walter Camp's "Athletic Department" need no praise for those who know the men. The "Editorial Notes" are sane and comprehensive. The *Bachelor* has solved the problem of the function of an inter-collegiate magazine.

—The April number of the *Rosary Magazine* completes the fifth year of that flourishing publication. From a small start it has grown in interest and size until now it is fast becoming one of the foremost of American Catholic magazines. The present number contains an interesting account of the "Catholic Winter School," recently held at New Orleans. The lectures and lecturers are described in a skillful manner and the substance of each speaker's topic clearly set forth. Our own Doctor Zahm is highly spoken of, and it is evident that the writer of the article sympathizes with his views. The article is not a mere recital of facts, but an entertaining and instructive account of the Winter School. The "Tower of David," a sonnet by Eugene Davis, is worthy of praise on account of its sentiment and correctness of technique. "Reminiscences of St. Catherine of Siena," by Grace V. Christmas, is another article worthy of mention. There are many other subjects of interest in the *Magazine*, but lack of space prevents individual mention of them.

—A word about golf and golfers is ever interesting to us Americans who are just now awakening to the charms of the game. The *Cosmopolitan*, then, is to be thanked for the delightful paper which Price Collier contributes to its April number. This magazine has other features which will win prompt approval. Frank R. Stockton appears with another of his inimitable stories. "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht" promises a very interesting *dénouement*. Beatrice Harraden of "Ships that Pass in the Night" fame, begins a story of Californian life, called "Hilda Strafford," which, by the way, is also running in the *Edinburgh Review*. Miss Harraden takes a more wholesome view of life in this story than in that which made her reputation; but there is still a faint touch of the sadness and sorrow which she brings upon people who do not seem to deserve such misfortunes. We are always glad to hear from

Miss Agnes Repplier, whose essay in the present number, "Terra Incognita," is as pleasant and vivacious as we should expect from her pen. Andrew Lang and Sir Lewis Morris speak to us from across the water, the former in his usual bright epistle and the latter inspired by the poetic muse. "Honest People" by Paul Heyse is satirical and yet wholesomely agreeable.

—Few books, we venture to assert, retain their charm in an alien language; for seldom does the translator know the creations or thoughts of an author so thoroughly as the author himself expresses them. In the present instance, we have no means of discovering whether "The Circus-Rider's Daughter" has gained or lost in the process of transference. At any rate, the book is entertaining, and if, here and there, a loose expression creeps in, the story, as a story, preserves the reader's regard. Though the characters are German we can judge them with accuracy, for human nature is the same in all nations. The heroine is very noble in character, very beautiful in appearance and very unfortunate into the bargain. Perhaps she has more of nobility, beauty and misfortune than young ladies usually have, and this it is which tires the reader at times. The young Count Degenthal, who loves and is loved by Nora Karsten, the circus-rider's daughter, but whose mother prevents, by indefatigable espionage and expedients, what she considers a *mésalliance*, is a rather weak creation. He has not the staying power, the faith, which a manly lover should possess to the very end. He places too much credence in every rumor that fans his ear, and displays an inexcusable lack of tact on several occasions. Baron Dahnow, his friend and university comrade, is a direct antithesis of Degenthal. He is self-sacrificing, clever, humorous; and it is surprising how Nora, when Degenthal's love has died, can refuse the hand and heart of such a noble suitor. Unlike most of the translations which come to us from the German, French and Italian, this Catholic novel is free from all the good nonsense, all the pious and inappropriate ejaculations, all the sentiments which teach that the good are perfect and the bad totally and eternally lost. Even the nuns in this novel talk common-sense as they do in real life. For these reasons "The Circus-Rider's Daughter" will reach a large audience and win appreciation. The book is neatly gotten out by Benziger Bros. in cloth covers, good paper and excellent type. The author is F. von Brackel and the translator Mary A. Mitchell.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The Staff.

DANIEL V. CASEY, '95; DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95;
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JAMES BARRY, '97;
ELMER J. MURPHY, '97; SHERMAN STEELE, '97;

JAMES BARRY,
FRANCIS O'MALLEY, } *Reporters.*
JOHN F. FENNESSEY,

—The members of the Executive Committee now permit themselves an occasional smile. The treasury of the Association is not in an entirely hopeless condition. We have some friends among the merchants of South Bend, and they have come willingly to the assistance of the Varsity of '96. It seems ungrateful to reckon the intensity of their friendship by the size of the cheques they make payable to our Manager, but after all these are the only data we have. From this view-point, Messrs. Meyer, Livingston & Sons, the popular Washington Street tailors, are by far the most friendly. They have presented to the association a beautiful gold watch, which will be raffled off early in May. There will be a thousand tickets at ten cents each, and every student should take a chance on the watch. Its value is thirty-five dollars, and we are the Messrs. Livingston's grateful debtors.

—The tears and the hand shakes, the fond farewells and the buying of railway tickets will take place, this year, on Thursday, the eighteenth of June. So the Faculty has decreed, and when the Faculty fixes a date, it rarely changes it. Just two months separate us from that eventful morning, and for all of us they

should be two months of careful work. It is none too easy, we know, to wrestle with Calculus and crabbed Greek when the divine freshness of all out-doors bids us toss books to the dogs; but this is the work-time of our lives, and in nine weeks we will have leisure a-plenty. We are on the eve of the spring examinations; and the medals and the honors of Commencement Day depend upon the results of this and the next bi-monthly test. There should be no faltering now; the goal is in sight, and a defeat which might have been averted is almost a disgrace. Let us be up and doing, and let no man carry off honors unearned.

—True appreciation is more grateful to the honest worker than praise the most fulsome. We were rather proud of that Easter SCHOLASTIC of ours—from the make-up of the present number, it would appear as though the Staff were consumed with pride or the spring-time malady—and we have taken a keen interest in the comments of our exchanges. We have had letters not a few from members of the *Alumni*, expressing their satisfaction at the new vigor of their old paper, and their kind words have helped to keep us in-doors "grinding copy" when earth and sky were calling us to the open. It is not simply because we value expert opinion that we print the following extract from a letter received by our Reverend Director. Doctor Egan, the first of our Catholic men of letters, had much to do with the moulding of every one of ye Eds; and it is our joy to call him friend as well as preceptor. He was the wise counsellor and good genius of many Boards of Editors, and to know that he has lost none of his old-time interest in our college paper is a keen delight for the Staff of '96. "Let me congratulate you," Doctor Egan writes, "on having made the best Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC ever published. It surpasses all the college papers I have ever seen. I know that you will value a word of commendation from one who knows what it means to get out a good paper." We thank Mr. Egan for his kind words. We cannot strive harder than we have done to deserve them.

—The Varsity will slip on those well-worn and familiar flannels to-morrow afternoon, and go forth to smite the enemy. It will be the opening of the baseball season, and we sincerely trust that there will be something more than

the usual expression of college spirit. If it is the duty of the nine champions of the honor of "old Notre Dame" to sacrifice everything but life and their class-standing for the Gold and Blue, it is no less the part of every student to support and encourage them under any and all circumstances. It is a melancholy fact that we have too little patriotism at Notre Dame—for patriotism, like the charity of the proverb-makers, begins at home, and so long as we have a clear-eyed and brainy President to temper the inoffensive warmth of our Congressional jingoes, we must, it seems, be content to live and work for our country and our college in inglorious and most comfortable peace—too little of college spirit, too little of the devotion and enthusiasm which knit Senior to Freshman and "Prep" to "Post-Grad" and make them all faithful sons and true lovers of their *Alma Mater*.

We are loyal enough, in our way; the trouble is that we are so taken up with the consideration of the petty trials of everyday life that we lose sight of the great but silent change our college is working in us. Our lives are monotonous—the lives of workers always are—but we are not students for pastime; and we make our existence none the more cheerful by our pessimism. But Schæpenhauer would have broken his green glasses after his first inter-collegiate ball-game; and we expect a better and more manly spirit to be manifest in these days of sunshine and soft winds.

One way of showing it is by a hearty and generous appreciation of the labors and sacrifices of the Varsity. They deserve all the honor we can give them, and to a player in a match-game, be it football or baseball, there is nothing so inspiring as the knowledge that the "fellows"—a good word that, and one that ought to be sacred among college-men—are watching his every motion with loving interest. It is nerve-quickenning, heart-filling delight to feel that you are for the moment, the brother of each of the "rooters," and that all his hopes and fears are wrapped up in you. No man with a spark of courage and manhood in him can fail to respond to the cheers that sweep across the field from the side-lines, and more than one of our victories has been won by our "rooters." Let us work up that cheer of ours, learn to deliver it as though we did not use it except on state occasions and Commencement Day; and then we may feel that we have had a little share in putting the Gold and Blue "at the peak, to stay."

The Reformation of the Stage.

The Abbé Jouin, of Paris, with the laudable, if ambitious, object of improving the moral tone of the stage, proposes a revival of the Mystery plays. For several years he has been training boys of his parish for parts in this sort of dramatic production, and a recent presentation of "The Nativity," his own composition, has been the subject of some interested and favorable comments.

The Mystery play was the embryo of the modern drama, and the evolution—refinement or degeneration, as you take it—of the popular play of the reigning year of the Lord from the rude but reverent spectacles which amused and edified the early Middle Ages, has been steadily toward perfection of technic and the elimination of the religious element. The latter tendency—if the drama ought to be the mirror of contemporary life, by which is meant, not the modes of the hour, but human life as attired in the contemporary habit—has gone to extremes. Religion, except as a conventionality or a butt, has disappeared from the theatre. It is no longer a motive of action.

If the playwright feels that his plot requires its presence he drapes with a white tie and a surtout of clerical cut, a colorless sort of figure, to which are ascribed benevolent intentions and a piously unbusiness-like way of doing things, and the church folk are bidden to admire and purchase seats. When the clergyman is forceful and interesting he is wicked: and that is even less desirable than impartial godlessness. In either case he is a mere stage property, like the handsome and idiotic hero and the delightfully malignant villain. Never do we find it recognized that religion is the most important thing in life; that it cannot be laid away with the clothes we wear on Sunday; that, through its influence upon our civilization, it helps to fashion the most blasphemous scoffer of the day, be he ever so completely emancipated from the outward thrall of Christianity.

The truth just enunciated has been taught, consciously or not, by the really great dramatists. Of the best Greek tragedy it is the inspiration, and when the chorus began to ridicule the gods, decline set in. In our own literature, as Maurice Francis Egan pointed out in a lecture a fortnight ago, Shakspeare, whether or not he was a Catholic in name, is full of the spirit of the Catholic belief. One may object that "Hamlet"

was written in an age which though nominally Protestant still retained a great deal of the old worship; and that, being a reflection of the Elizabethan time, it necessarily partook of the lingering spirit of faith which characterized that period. This—the objector concludes—explains the prominence of religion in Shakspeare. Did he live to-day he would be as worldly as any other.

Undoubtedly there would have appeared no ghost from purgatory; no allusions to the practices of religion. But the importance of religion does not depend upon fluctuations of fervor. Were all the world atheist, its intrinsic importance—we speak of religion, not as any system but as the relation of man to the moral life, embracing chiefly the idea of duty and dependence—would not be lessened; and the poet would see the fact. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripedes*—though more faintly than the others—and *Shakspeare*, did so.

The drama of the day, then, has been secularized so excessively as to have become untrue to life. Let us not blame the stage while the public schools exhibit the same defect and foster this false idea of life and of art.

But while deploring its secularization we are far from holding the drama immoral in the Sixth-Commandment sense. Persons confusing the players, whose failing on this point—a number of shining exceptions to the contrary notwithstanding—is unfortunately notorious, with the plays themselves, not infrequently make this charge against the drama. But scan the theatrical announcements in any city for the last five years, and let any man count the pieces to which he would hesitate to take his sister or daughter, they are very few.

Having now diagnosed the question, is Abbé Jouin's cure the right one? We think not. In the first place Mystery plays belong to other conditions and other centuries. You cannot drag in by the heels a form of literature repugnant to the spirit of the period. Addison, in his defunct "*Cato*," and the French during the reign of Louis XIV., made the experiment, and their stiff classicism provoked a terrific artistic revolution. The Passion Play, it is true, draws a large audience. But the people flock to it out of curiosity and but once a decade.

In the second place, reform should begin with the people. The drama will follow readily enough in their wake. The Abbé Jouin is crying "whoa" while the horse is troubled with a prickly burr. Remove the burr.

E. C.

The Death of Judge Ewing.

Judge Philemon Beecher Ewing, one of Notre Dame's truest friends, died at his home in Lancaster, Ohio, April 14, 1896, fortified by the sacraments of the Church, of which he was a devout and life-long member. The eldest son of Thomas Ewing and Maria Wills Boyle, he was born at Lancaster, Ohio, on November 3, 1820. He attended Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, graduating in the Class of 1838. In 1878 the University of Notre Dame conferred on him the degree of LL. D. Admitted to the practice of the law on attaining his majority, his father associated him with himself in the firm of Ewing & Son, a partnership which continued until the 60's. Judge Ewing served a term on the Common Pleas bench of his State during the war, and in 1872 was the Liberal Republican candidate for the Supreme Bench of Ohio; but while actively interested during the days of the Whig party and of the struggle for the Union in political affairs, he preferred the quiet and privacy of his home and his intimate acquaintance. He married on August 31, 1848, at Lancaster, Ohio, Mary Rebecca Gillespie, daughter of John P. Gillespie and Mary M. Miers. His wife died on November 10, 1892. They had six sons and six daughters, of whom five sons and five daughters survive them.

A lawyer of noted ability, he came of a prominent family of Ohio. His grandsire, George Ewing, of New Jersey, served as ensign during the war of the Revolution, and became one of the earliest settlers of Ohio. His father, Hon. Thomas Ewing, was twice United States Senator from Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury under the elder Harrison, and Secretary of the Interior under Taylor. Thomas Ewing was a lawyer of great eminence, and the firm of Ewing & Son was known throughout the state and nation. His brothers, Thomas and Charles, who died before him, and Hugh Boyle, who survives him, were noted nationally both in war and in peace. His eldest sister, Eleanor, was the wife of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, and his younger sister, Theresa, of Colonel Clement F. Steele. Through his mother, Judge Ewing was a cousin of Hon. James G. Blaine, and his wife was the sister of Mother Mary of St. Angela, of the Order of Holy Cross, and Rev. H. Neal Gillespie, C. S. C.

[He was stricken with paralysis on Wednesday night, April 1st. Thomas, John, Francis, Neal and Edward, Sister M. Agnès, Mrs. Ellward Brown, Mary Angela and Philomena, are his surviving children.]

RESOLUTIONS.

WEHREAS, HON. PHILEMÓN B. EWING, venerable by a long life rich in the edification of noble Christian virtues and stainless citizenship, a proven friend of education and of our University in particular, a jurist of marked learning, a gentleman of most noteworthy sincerity and delicate courtesy, has passed onward from honor and affectionate estimation here to eternal peace;

BE IT RESOLVED: That, while giving expression to our own sorrow because a life so valuable to Church and Country has ended, we tender our deepest sympathy to our friend and colleague, Professor John G. Ewing, whose loss is the greater since his father was a man of so unusual worth, and to the members of his family in their heavy affliction.

AND BE IT RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and that they be also printed in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

For the Faculty:

The Reverend Alexander M. Kirsch, C. S. C.,
Professor of Biology.
James F. Edwards, A. M., LL. B.,
Professor of History and Librarian.
William Hoynes, A. M., LL. D.,
Dean of the Law School.
Martin J. McCue, M. S., C. E.,
Professor of Astronomy and Civ. Eng.
Austin O'Malley, A. M., M. D., Ph. D., LL. D.,
Professor of English Literature.

Exchanges.

In a very creditable article for a student of '98 the *Purple* gives a history and criticism of Sir Thomas Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*. Clearly, concisely, and with a knowledge of his subject expressed with unusual intelligence, the writer touches on the origin of the work; on its aim, which was to set forth the elevating principles of chivalry, thereby exterminating low ideals and brutal passions and implanting refinement of feeling and nobility of action; on the result it achieved, which, in its own time, was in keeping with its aim, and which, since then, has been the inspiration of many poets and the storehouse supplying the material that has acquired so many beautiful forms as it passed through artistic hands.

An admirable advertisement of a life of Washington in Latin is "An Unknown Treasure" wherein are advocated the interest and profit that would result if colleges would adopt the book as a text in the classical course. The article is noticeable for its clever sequence of thought, artful simplicity and neatness of execution, as also for the unworthy conception it contains of what it calls "a formal history."

In the contrast between Horace and Dryden the great dissimilarity between them as satirists

is placed on the difference of subjects that engaged the pen of each. It would be more correct to place the essence of the contrast between them in the different manner of each in dealing with similar themes. As the writer immediately notices, Horace played with his enemy, exposing him to ridicule with deftness and wit; Dryden rushed on his opponent with anger and scorn, beating him with fierce, direct blows. Nothing shows difference of character more than dissimilarity of acting in similar circumstances.

We are pleased to gather from the editorial columns that an article on Catholic journalism in America in a preceding issue of the *Purple* was written by a student. We read it at the time with great interest, but, from its maturity of thought and excellence of manner, considered it a production above the fondest ambition of a tyro. The article in question is a striking example of the perfection that may be reached by beginners in English composition.

* *

The *Academica*, of St. Patrick's Academy, Chicago, is a small but very carefully conducted school paper. Its pages exhibit subjects expected in a school organ, and these are marked by the neatness and interest indicative of proficiency.

Personals.

—Mr. McKinney, of Cleveland, Ohio, was entertained by his son Francis, of Carroll Hall, during the past week.

—George Wilson, of Brownson Hall, recently enjoyed a most pleasant visit from his aunt, Miss Cooney, of Chicago.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby and Rev. Vice-President French left on Friday, for Lancaster, Ohio, there to attend the funeral of Judge Ewing.

—William S. Wilkin, (Com'l '95) is engaged in business with his father in Bay City, Michigan. His love for his *Alma Mater* is as warm as ever and his thoughts are often with us. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him every success in business as well as social life.

—Professor O'Dea, who was obliged to go to California last fall on account of ill health, has almost entirely recovered his former health. He is now at Los Angeles, California. The SCHOLASTIC joins with the students and Faculty in congratulating him on his recovery and in wishing him future health.

—Mrs. Monarch, of Owensboro, Ky., is always a welcome visitor at Notre Dame, and her visit during the past week was no less enjoyable

than its predecessors were. She was visiting her son Martin of Carroll Hall, and her daughter of St. Mary's Academy, but her presence among us was equally enjoyed by a host of friends.

—The many friends of Signor Gregori will be grieved to learn that the gifted artist, who made Notre Dame beautiful with his talent, has been dangerously ill. He is somewhat better at present, but his condition is still serious. The prayers of his friends at Notre Dame and St. Mary's are requested in his behalf. We trust that the loving care of his relatives and friends may soon restore the Signor to health.

—Miss Emma Rauch, of Indianapolis, and Miss Mary Wagner, of Lafayette, Ind., were among our most welcome Easter visitors. Miss Rauch was visiting her brother Edward J. Rauch, of Brownson Hall, and Miss Wagner visited her brother Frank, of the same department. The young ladies were also visitors at St. Mary's, Miss Wagner being one of last year's graduates. Their visit was much enjoyed by their many friends at both institutions.

—Mr. William Boland is another son of Notre Dame who has made himself a name for business ability. He is now filling a position of trust in the "Columbia National Bank" of Minneapolis, Minn., and he is filling it in an able and efficient way. We are glad to hear of his past and present success, and we trust that fortune may always smile her sunniest smiles upon him.—Rev. Father Boland, of Litchfield, expects to visit Notre Dame in the near future. His welcome will be a warm and hearty one. Old Sorins will remember him as Prefect of the Second Flat.

—It is always a source of pride to *Alma Mater* when another of her children is well launched for a prosperous career. We note with gratification that Mr. J. B. Sullivan (B.L.'91), the present city Attorney of Creston, Iowa, is an orator much sought after on Hawkeye holidays. Referring to J. B.'s oration at Melrose on St. Patrick's Day, a local newspaper says: "If it should be the good fortune of the A. O. H. to secure Mr. Sullivan next year, our people will be delighted." He also publishes an admirable study of "Catholicity in the United States," in the current issue of *The Catholic Visitor*.

—Benjamin F. Roberts (student '69) of Independence, Missouri, has become a musical composer of no mean ability. A copy of his latest work, "The Old Love," was recently received. It is deserving of much praise. Mr. Roberts was a St. Cecilian long ago, and a member of the Glee Club and other musical organizations of the University. He still cherishes fond memories of those days, and wishes to be remembered to the St. Cecilians of the past and present. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations, and hopes that "The Old Love" will be followed by compositions of like merit.

Local Items.

—The class of Literature finished the study of "Hamlet" and began that of "Macbeth."

—Professor Green has taken the place of Dr. Zahm as instructor of the class of Physics.

—Edward Herron of Chatanooga, Tenn., has organized a baseball team which is warranted never to win. All applications for dates should be addressed in care of Bro. Vincent, Infirmary.

—Now is the time to take out your "accident policies." From around every corner, from every direction they come, and at the same time wheels of all varieties upset the unprotected pedestrian.

—Newspaper portraits are not masterpieces, as a rule; but those pictures of Brown, Gibson and Hesse in Wednesday's *Chronicle* were decidedly off color. One might recognize Gibson, but the others looked about as much like Grover Cleveland as the originals.

—WANTED—Photographer's assistant. Young man of good family, able to speak French, German and Russian. Duties very light. Expected to press the button, hold the "birdie" in children's pictures, clean out studio and mount photographs. Irish preferred. Apply to Col. McKenzie, Brownson Flats.

—It is strange that such a large number of students at Notre Dame, coming from such widely separated states, should have so many friends down in Forbing's native village. The Californian, the Pennsylvanian and the gentleman from Iowa say they are not going to spend their vacations at home this year. Kenton is good enough for them.

—Navigation has not yet opened on St. Mary's Lake, but the fleet is now laid up in dry dock and it is hoped that in a week or two *Das Kind* will have an opportunity of spoiling his new yachting suit. He says he will have his flag-ship, the *Dream*, spick and span in a week at the farthest. He has appointed Miller rear-admiral and the Count is glorious as cabin-boy. We wish them, in our best French, *bon voyage*.

—The students of Notre Dame cannot complain of the treatment they received on Tuesday afternoon. It was a beautiful day, so they enjoyed the recreation all the more on that account. Then there was a general clamor for "walk" after supper, and they got it. The whole Hall went down as far as the "Lilacs," and after they had seated themselves comfortably under the trees they were entertained with some trick-bicycle riding by Mr. William O'Brien.

—Of all the traditions which the ex-Carrolls have brought with them to Brownson Hall, there is none more disgusting than that of entering the refectory and sitting down to meals in baseball costume. Dishevelled hair and careless attire are never admirable, but when these

are our companions at the table they are objectionable indeed. In Carroll Hall such things are not looked on with disapproval; but when young men become old enough to occupy a seat in Brownson Hall they should regulate their conduct accordingly.

—*Das Kind* took Miller over to the west side of St. Mary's Lake last Thursday for the purpose of launching *Gallagher's Dream*, and when he reached the dock he found the good ship full of water to the first deck. He was very much chagrined to find the main-yard, which protruded some feet out of the water, occupied by a force of turtles keeping guard while the sun shone. The turtles did not see *Das*, but when Miller bravely advanced they ducked and disappeared.

—And now the pocket kodak fiend and the fiend with the kodak of larger growth are with us. Señor San Roman and Señor Eduardo Hay y Fortuno have taken snap-shots of everything round Notre Dame from the "Lilacs" to the "stile" that is capable of being snapped. Señor Hay has also taken a few pictures of some of the best looking of the Brownsonites. Colonel McKenzie and Mr. Hierholzer have also been busy with their cameras. The photographs they have taken of the different college buildings are all very good, especially the flash-light of the interior of the church.

—Well it has dissolved. No more will we see that pretty little bunch of red with the curl-papers of robin's egg blue on either end, and the laughing countenance behind it. We have watched its growth during all these months, and we have taken note of every new hair since it was a little Minim. At first it looked like a diminutive patch of brick-dust, but the refreshing rains and the sighing zephyrs coaxed it to grow longer and longer, until it blossomed into a thing of beauty that was good to look at. But it has been removed, and its owner has had time to regret his work. Never mind, Bostang. There are plenty more where that came from.

—We are famous for our half-hearted cheering; but the yell which greeted President Morrissey and his staff when he entered Washington Hall, Easter Monday, was quite the worst we have ever given. Not more than half the students joined in the cheer, and even they caught the burden of it only after a dozen men had carried it to the second line. Are we awkward, or apathetic, or too stupid to learn the yell? College spirit must be at a low ebb when half the students are content to stand idly by. Here is the yell—learn it and quit sulking.

N. D., Hurrah!—D. U., Hurrah!
The Gold, Hurrah! The Blue, Hurrah!
Houp-a-ra-hoo—ra-hoo—ra-hoo!
Notre Dame, 'Rah-Hurrah! N. D. U.!

—An unusually large audience greeted President Hoynes' announcement last Saturday evening, that the subject for discussion would

be "Resolved, That single blessedness is real blessedness." Mr. Confer opened with a paper which the opposition itself praised for its rhetoric and strength of style. Messrs. Brucker and Magruder, who spoke for the negative, entertained their listeners with amusing similes, and, striking historical allusions. The last speaker, Mr. McManus, had just begun what promised to be a most interesting discourse, when it was announced by the chairman that the time for adjournment was at hand. Mr. McManus will continue his remarks on the happy lot of a bachelor, and the advantage of a great community of interest between "St. Mary's" and "Notre Dame," next Saturday evening. Messrs. Cavanagh, Rosenthal and Fagan will wear the judicial ermine.

—Thursday morning the Modern History class listened to a very able and interesting lecture on the condition of the Southern states, delivered by Mr. Charles M. B. Bryan, of Memphis, Tenn. The lecture, which was delivered at the instance of Prof. Edwards, was a comprehensive view of the condition of the South before, during and after the Civil War. Mr. Bryan graphically described the old plantation life, the affection of the slaves for their masters and the ease and carelessness which owners displayed in the management of their estates. Then he described the disasters of civil war, the breaking up of families and the bursting of all the ties which bound the Southern youth to their homes and friends. Finally, he sketched the regeneration of the South, the rise of Southern industries and of Southern enterprise, paying special attention to the natural resources of the country. He added a few words on the negro question; but, like a good many Southerners, Mr. Bryan was not too complimentary of some of his fellow-citizens of the South. He was frequently applauded during the lecture, showing the appreciation with which his views were received.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

"What's the matter with the Varsity Drum Major?" soliloquized a youth of diminutive size.

The Carroll Special Football team believe in the old saying "Better late than never." Although it is now baseball time they had their picture taken last Thursday morning.

Where are our track athletes? There is sun enough to thaw the marrow in the bones of the most cold-blooded, but you may look in vain for any weight-putters or runners at practice. It is the old story, lack of interest and utter laziness. If Notre Dame is ever to take her rightful place in Western athletics, we must bestir ourselves and stop loafing.

St. Josephs, 13; Terriers, 4. Ducey, the wonderful pitcher, has collected an organization of baseball talent that outshines any other aggregation in the field. That accounts for his wonderful victory. He says that Browne will not

receive a challenge because the Varsity is too weak.

The Specials of St. Joseph's Hall defeated Galen's "Giants" on the 12th inst. The score was 12 to 5. The ex-Junior team fared not much better on Thursday, being worsted by the same team, by the score of 15 to 5. On Tuesday morning, however, the anti-Specials won a very interesting game from the St. Joseph Specials, with the score 10 to 8.

The "Tarriers" are still at it. They mean well enough, poor fellows, and they are harmless; so it is just as well to let them alone. They played a team from St. Joseph's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, but the St. Joseph boys did most of the playing. This sort of luck is not uncommon with the "Tarriers." They should not be discouraged, though. Their yell will pull them through the season.

Unless you have as many eyes as Argus you should keep away from the campus nowadays, or a flying baseball in the small of the back will be the result. There are rolling balls and batted balls and thrown balls and foul balls to be dodged. We have been having ideal baseball weather, and everyone at Notre Dame from the smallest Minim up to Walter Golden has been spending all of his "rec" hours in a baseball uniform. Captain Brown ought to be able to find baseball players to burn among all this talent.

Capt. Brown has selected the Varsity; and the team to represent Notre Dame will be practically as follows:—R. Brown, catcher; J. Smith, pitcher; E. Kelly, first base; N. Gibson, 2d base; W. Hindel, short-stop; Sauter, 3d base; M. Daly, left field; either Hesse or O'Brien, centre field; either Wilson or Monahan, right field. Sub-catcher, Campbell; sub-infields, Burns, Bulger and McCarthy. O'Brien is doing everything in his power to oust Hesse from centre-field. He bats hard, runs bases well, fields quickly, and is no poor coach. Hesse will have to practise faithfully to keep his position. Dick Monahan is the best coach on the grounds. His fielding and batting show up fairly well, but a position on the team is not yet assured him. Wilson is his chief competitor, and may take the place. Kelly has been given 1st base, but if his general work does not improve, he will be replaced. He can play, if he will, and there is no excuse for his listlessness. A little more life, and a little less indifference will anchor him safely at first for the season. Schedule for '96:

Northwestern.....	May 7
Rush Medical.....	May 15
Wisconsin.....	May 22
Illinois.....	May 26
Lake-Forest.....	June 9

There will also be games with two of the representative teams of South Bend—"The Indiana Club" and "The Senators." The first game of the season will be played on the afternoon of the 19th inst. with "The Senators" of South Bend.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Barrett, Brennan, Burns, Costello, Eyanson, Fagan, Gaukler, Gallagher, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, Mott, McManus, McDonough, Ney, Pulskamp, Prichard, Ragan, Shannon, Sullivan, Stace, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Arpin, Byrne, Barber, Barry, Ball, J. H. Browne, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Burke, Blackman, Bowlin, Berthelet, Brucker, E. Campbell, M. Campbell, Chase, Crilly, Cypher, John Corby, Joseph Corby, Clendenin, Crane, C. Cullen, Confer, Davila, B. Daly, Delaney, Ducey, M. Daly, Dowd, Duperier, Dukette, Eyanson, Follen, Flanagan, Fox, Fehr, Farrell, Fera, Farley, Ferguson, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Gebhart, Hay, Hagerty, Hayes, Healy, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, F. Hesse, J. Hesse, Henry, Hinde, Johnson, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Konzon, Kerwin, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Mathewson, Murphy, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, Morehouse, McGinnis, McCarty, McPhee, McKenzie, McDonald, McCormack, McGuire, Menig, Niezer, Naughton, Nevius, W. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, R. O'Malley, Powell, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Phelps, Phillips, Pim, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, Rowan, Regan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Sammon, Smith, Schermerhorn, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tuhey, Thiele, Thacker, F. Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, Wheeler, G. Wilson, Wigg, Ward, Wensinger, Wilson, L. Wurzer, Wade.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, Burns, E. Burke, Begley, Bernardin, Curry, Cottin, Cornell, Crowdus, Cave, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Cowie, Crepeau, Darst, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Donovan, Erhart, Fuhrer, Flynn, Fox, Foster, Fischer, Frank, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gonzalez, Gerardi, Hermann, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Healy, Hoban, Hunt, Jelonek, Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Kasper, Kasper, E. Kasper, Kirk, Kochler, Krug, Langley, Lovett, Leach, Lowery, Land, Moorhead, Moss, Mohn, Monahan, Murray, Morris, Merz, Massey, Mulcare, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, W. McNichols, F. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Newell, O'Brien, O'Malley, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Pulford, Quandt, Rasche, P. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shipp, Shiels, Smith, Stearns, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, Sheekey, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Sanford, Saul, Schaffhauser, Stare, Thams, Tescher, Taylor, Tuohy, Walsh, Watterson, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Wells, Welker, Weadock, Webb, Zaehle.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

A. Allyn, L. Abrahams, J. Atkinson, C. Bode, F. Bode, A. Bosworth, F. Breslin, J. Bullene, I. Bergeron, W. Bullen, F. Brissenden, N. Brissenden, W. Blanchfield, F. Cottin, C. Campbell, P. Cotter, R. Catchpole, J. Coquillard, C. Cressey, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, K. Casparis, J. Cunnea, R. Clark, G. Davis, B. Davis, A. Davidson, G. Dugas, R. Dowling, O. Ehrlich, E. Elliott, E. Ernst, T. Fetter, P. Fitzgerald, W. Finnerty, A. Flynn, E. Flynn, S. Fielding, N. Freeman, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, D. Goff, H. Giffin, R. Giffin, L. Hart, L. Hubbard, L. Hammer, W. Hall, M. Jonquet, G. Kopf, L. Kelly, R. Kasper, C. Kelly, J. Lawton, J. Mulcare, J. Morehouse, W. Maher, G. Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, C. Marshall, H. McMaster, R. McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, W. Plunkett, A. Phillips, J. Polk, C. Paul, J. Pyle, L. Pattee, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, J. Quinlan, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, E. Swan, D. Spillard, T. Sexton, H. Sontag, L. Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, F. Waite, L. Weidner, F. Welch, G. Wilde, L. Weber.